

ALONZO

AND THE

FAIR IMOGENE.

A Tragical Love Song.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a lady so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green;
They gaz'd at each other with tender delight,
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,
And the maid was the fair Imogene.

'Tis O, says the youth, since tomorrow I go,
To fight in some far distant land,
Your tears for my absence in ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand.

O hush the suspicion, fair Imogene said,
So false to love, and to thee;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the lady that none in your stead,
Shall a husband of Imogene be.

And if for another, my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the brave,
God grant for to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at my marriage would sit by my side,
Would tax me with perjury, would claim me your bride
And would bear me away to the grave.

To battle then hasten'd this warrior so bold,
His love she lamented him sore,
But scarce had twelve months elaps'd, when behold,
A baron all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presence, his spacious domains,
Soon made her untrue to her love,
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as a spouse.

But scarce had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now had begun;
The tables all groan'd with the weight of the feast,
But scarce had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
When the bell of the castle toll'd one.

But O with amazement fair Imogene found,
A stranger was plac'd by her side;
His looks were terrific, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

* His visor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view;
All laughter and pleasure was hush'd at his sight,
The dogs as they eyed him drew back in affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

All persons his presence appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, I pray
Sir knight that your hemlet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.

The lady was silent, the stranger complies,
His visor he slowly unclos'd;
Oh gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes,
What tongue can express her dismay or surprise,
When a skeleton's head was expos'd.

All present then utter'd a terrific shriek,
And turn'd with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in and the worms they crept out,
And spotted his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene.

Behold me thou fair one, behold me, he cried,
Behold me, Alonzo the brave;
God grant for to punish your falsehood and pride,
My ghost at your marriage now sits by your side,
And will bear you away to the grave.

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While Imogene shriek'd with dismay;
And sunk with his prey thro' the wide gaping ground,
Nor never more was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Four times in a year, Imogene in a fright,
While mortals in slumber are crown'd,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appears in the room with her skeleton knight,
And she shrieks as he whirls her around.

They drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
While round them pale spectres are seen,
Their liquor is blood, and the horrible stave,
They howl to the health of Alonzo the brave,
And his consort the fair Imogene.